

"For Sweet Charity's Sake."

WE WILL DONATE

One Per Cent of Our Gross Sales

During the coming week to the
Yellow Fever Sufferers at Jacksonville.

THE Ethics of Civilization require that MAN shall be DRESSED—Fashion and a natural desire to appear at his best, require that he be WELL DRESSED, while his pocketbook frequently requires that he be ECONOMICALLY DRESSED.

IT is to meet these THREE REQUIREMENTS that our efforts are constantly and successfully directed.

WE make Clothing for Men, Boys and Children from honest, serviceable fabrics, CUT in a fashionable and tasteful manner to FIT perfectly, and put together by the best TAILORS money can secure and in the HIGHEST STYLE of workmanship.

WE sell this Well-Made Clothing at PRICES 25 to 40 per cent. LOWER than the same qualities can be purchased for anywhere else in the world.

BECAUSE we steadfastly adhere to the principle of "LARGE SALES AND SMALL PROFITS." We'd rather sell a THOUSAND OVERCOATS at ONE DOLLAR profit than Two HUNDRED at FIVE DOLLARS profit. Do you see the point?

OUR goods are always HONEST, RELIABLE and LOWER IN PRICE THAN THOSE of our competitors.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE
OF
Fall and Winter Styles

Handsomely Illustrated, with Price List. Directions for Self-Measurement, etc., is Now Ready, and will be MAILED FREE to any Address upon Application.

A. H. KING & CO.,
The Leading American Clothiers.

On Monday morning, September 24, we shall inaugurate our **Grand Fall and Winter "Opening,"** which will continue until Saturday night at 10 o'clock. We shall at this time offer for inspection and sale the most **SUPERB, magnificent and complete assortment of Men's, Boys', and Children's "Medium" and "High Grade" Clothing** ever displayed in New-York City. In order to inaugurate the Season with a "grand Hurrah!" we shall offer during this week the following unprecedented

5,000 SPECIAL BARGAINS:
FOR GENTLEMEN.

500 MEN'S ALL WOOL BUSINESS SUITS, \$9.75,
Sacks and Three-Button Cutaways;
REGULAR PRICE \$16.00 TO \$24.00.

500 MEN'S ELEGANT DRESS SUITS, \$14.75.
Imported Fabrics—Tailor Made;
REGULAR PRICE \$28.00 TO \$35.00.

500 ELEGANT TAILOR MADE TROUSERS, \$3.95,
Superb Imported Trouserings;
REGULAR PRICE \$7.00 TO \$10.00.

500 SUPERB FALL OVERCOATS AT \$5.75,
Silk Faced, Satin Sleeve Lining, all wool;
REDUCED FROM \$18.00, \$20.00 AND \$24.00.

500 SILK-LINED FALL OVERCOATS AT \$10.75,
Full Silk Lined, Imported Fabrics;
REDUCED FROM \$25.00, \$28.00 AND \$30.00.

These "FIVE THOUSAND SPECIAL BARGAINS" only represent TEN out of over One Thousand different styles of goods we display.

We show Men's Suits and Overcoats at prices ranging from \$2.75 to \$50.00 each. Boys and Children's Suits and Overcoats from 98 cents to \$25. These "Special Bargains" have been selected from our most desirable New Goods, and are all Fresh, Fashionable, Seasonable Garments, which we offer during our "Opening Sale" at less than half their REAL VALUE, simply to Advertise and Emphasize the fact that "we are once more in the field and ready for the fray," strong in our belief that "LARGE SALES and SMALL PROFITS." Honesty and Liberality are sure winners, and determined to uphold our established reputation as THE LEADING AMERICAN CLOTHIERS.

ONE PER CENT of our GROSS RECEIPTS during this entire week will be donated to the YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS.

627 AND 629 BROADWAY,
NEAR BLEECKER STREET.

Store Open Until 9 O'clock Every Evening This Week.

OUR SPECIAL MESSENGER
Will Deliver Each Day this Week to

MAYOR HEWITT

Our Check on the NATIONAL PARK
BANK for an amount equal to ONE
PER CENT of the GROSS
RECEIPTS of our business
on the preceding day.

Do not imagine, from the Phenomenally Low Prices we continually quote in our advertisements, that we deal exclusively in Low-Priced Clothing.

On the contrary, we are better able to please the FASTIDIOUS taste of gentleman who want superfine qualities than any other house in town.

We make a "SPECIALTY" of "TAILOR-MADE" SUITS and OVERCOATS from the Richest Novelties in high-class Foreign Fabrics seldom found except in expensive Custom Tailoring establishments.

SUPERB Vicunas, Homespun, Foreign Cheviots and Worsteds in Suits and Overcoats built on our celebrated "Tailor Made" custom patterns, showing the VERY LATEST and most Novel Fashions—cut to fit TALL MEN, SHORT MEN, SLIM MEN or FAT MEN.

PRICES for these EXTRA QUALITIES range from Twenty to Forty Dollars, but they are equal in STYLE, FIT and MATERIAL to a FIRST CLASS Custom Tailor's \$75.00 suit, and a SECOND RATE TAILOR could not produce their equal at all.

Do not fail to look at these "special productions" of ours.

MAIL ORDERS

From all parts of the country, accompanied by Cash (Money Order or Draft), will receive Prompt Attention. We guarantee Absolute Satisfaction or refund Money on all Goods ordered by Mail.

GOSSIP AT THE CAPITAL

MATTERS OF INTEREST GATHERED HERE AND THERE.

THE VERSATILE SPRINGER—A CURIOUS CERTIFICATE OF CHARACTER—BLACK'S PORTRAIT—SENATOR STEWART'S STORY.

Washington, Sept. 22.—I am told that a day or two after the re-nomination of Governor Hill at Buffalo an ardent and trusted follower of his, who was formerly a prominent member of General Rosecrans' staff during the war, but is now a prominent New-York lawyer, having an important case before the Commissioner of Customs, called on his old Commander, minister of the United States Treasury. The conversation naturally turned upon Hill's nomination, and the visitor, whose opportunities for an intimate knowledge of Democratic politics in New-York State are second to none, desecrated in rather plain language upon the intestine feuds which are making things so unusually torrid in the Empire State.

"You see, General," said the visitor from New-York, "everybody on the inside knows very well that in return for the support of Hill and his following in Cleveland, Cleveland pledged himself to stand aside and aid Hill's Presidential aspirations in 1888; and that is why the high-sounding and patriotic disclaimer of a second term was made in such emphatic language by Cleveland in his inaugural address. But here comes Mrs. Cleveland and says 'I want it distinctly understood that I'm going to have a second term.' Now, General, the personal understandings and pledges of politicians between themselves are held, all the world over, to be as sacred as their personal honor, and they will fight for them and guard them as inviolable to the bitter end."

(There was a rugged earnestness in the visitor's language just here which rendered a little judicious editing somewhat necessary.)

"And that's why," he pursued, "the Hill men are busy 'knifing' Grover. Cleveland all over New-York State; and whether you may hear to the contrary they'll continue to puncture him—even as left-handed Elud of old perforated Eglon, King of Moab, in his 'summer parlor,' with his double-edged dagger—until there isn't a solitary shred of omentum left."

I understand that the part in the conversation maintained by "Old Rosey," as he is affectionately called among his intimates, was limited to certain interjections of "Hums" and "Ahs" and "Indeeds"—for like "Jury B." of immortal memory, "he's sly, devilish sly."

New Congressmen who are anxious to stay in public life can gain useful hints by studying the methods of the Hon. William M. Springer. The "Sagebrush Statesman," as he is sometimes called, has a strong opposition within his party at home, but he always manages to be re-nominated, which is equivalent to a reelection. Mr. Springer explains this by saying that while the politicians are all against him the people are with him. The secret of this popular support is simple. The Illinois member knows how to flatter. His system is not copyrighted and other Congressmen may learn something from it. On every possible occasion he causes certain of his constituents to be remembered. Thanksgiving Day probably thirty or forty of Mr. Springer's constituents are gratified at the unusual sight of a telegraphic message which is said to read somewhat as follows:

Washington, D. C., Nov. 27.

To the drumstick and a little of the white meat, please. We get no such turkeys here. Wish I could be with you today.

Wm. M. Springer.

When Christmas comes along another set of constituents is remembered something after this sort:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 25.

To Merry Christmas all around. May your stockings never hang empty. Remember us over the hard ever to-night.

Wm. M. Springer.

Hibernian constituents are greeted with something like this effusion:

Washington, D. C., Mar. 17.

To St. Patrick's Day in the morning! Here's to his health and don't forget your Representative when drinking it. A sprig of green shamrock and a black thorn stick are among my treasures. Remember me to Father.

Wm. M. Springer.

Independence Day Mr. Springer's patriotism is effervescent; he embraces all mankind in his good wishes but is particular to have it known that Springer is plucking the tail feathers of the glorious bird. His messages to numerous individuals on this day run after a spread-eagle fashion like this:

New-York, July 4.

The Union forever and may the Springfield District never lack a Representative who will worthily represent it in the councils of the Nation. Shall mail you a copy of my speech at the Tammany celebration. Laid away over Sunset Cox.

Wm. M. Springer.

From these examples it will be seen to what perfection the system may be carried. It requires of course the co-operation of the telegraph company for without the cable letters "D. H." no one could afford to keep it up. But so long as the telegraph people keep Congressmen supplied with franks, the system is bound to flourish.

I heard a good story revived by the investigation now in progress to find out whether Mr. Stahlbrecher attempted to improperly influence Architect Smithmeyer of the new library building. When the National Museum was built several architects were invited to send in designs and the prize was awarded to Cass & Shulze, a local firm. The museum cost in the neighborhood of \$250,000. After the work had been completed the architects were able to turn back into the treasury \$147 of the appropriation. Probably this is the first case on record where a great public building has not exceeded the appropriation. When the late Professor Baird, the director of the Museum, heard of the circumstance he regarded it as so wonderful that he wanted to put the surplus in a glass case and exhibit it to a curious public as one of the most remarkable objects in his collection. But as it would have required a special Act of Congress to have done this the money went back into the National cash box.

Representative Rowell, of Bloomington, Ill., told me of a rather remarkable circumstance a few days ago. He and his four brothers enlisted in the Union Army in the spring of '61 and served until the close of the war in the Army of the Tennessee, which probably saw as much hard and dangerous service as any other body of Federal troops. Three of them were in the 17th Illinois, and two in the 8th Missouri, which was really an Illinois regiment. All of them were mustered out when the war was over as sound as the day they entered the army. None of them had received more than a scratch; not a wound had been taken a prisoner, and only the youngest brother, who was a few months over fifteen when he enlisted, had been in the hospital, and then only for a short time. At the battle of Shiloh, where Mr. Rowell was acting captain of his company, twenty-two men out of the forty-eight comprising his company were either killed or badly wounded; yet he and his brother, who was in the ranks, were not even scratched. All the five brothers are alive and well today.

The certificate of character which a score of his colleagues lately gave Senator Morgan to show that if he was in the habit of coming to the Senate Chamber drunk they didn't know anything about it, is something unique. It reminded a Western Senator of the view a worthy German Justice of the Peace once took of a case before him. A neighbor, whose reputation was not of the best, but whose lapses were of a kind to make him liked, was charged with stealing a pig. The evidence was clear enough. Two witnesses swore that they had seen him in the early morning hours steal the animal from his owner's sty. Possession of the property by the accused was also proved and the prosecutor rested his case. Then the defense began to put in its evidence. Twenty citizens, all of good standing, one after another went on the witness stand and swore that they didn't see the prisoner steal the pig and that they didn't know he had the animal in his possession.

The prisoner is discharged. Was the finding of the Court, "because the weight of evidence is in his favor."

Senator Morgan is doubtless content that the weight of evidence is in his favor, but as a Constitutional lawyer his opinion on this kind of testimony ought to be worth something.

They say that "Willie" Breckinridge, the pride of

Kentucky, is to have some opposition this year. And if he does "the thornless bouquet," as Jehu Baker styled him, may have to lift his melodious voice in appeals to the Lexington District not to discard his Henry Clay of the present generation. That this opposition may prove a serious thing a little incident of the Congressional campaign two years ago will show. A group of free-traders was gathered at the headquarters of the Democratic Committee. They were buried in a cave of gloom. Frank Hurd had been badly routed, "Horizontal Hill" Morrison was certainly defeated, and the dispatches made the outlook for John Griffin Carlisle very dark. While they were musing over the uncertainties of politics a telegram was received. A dejected clerk opened it and as he glanced at the direction he exclaimed:

"Here's something from Kentucky." The free-traders all walked up, but the disasters had become so monotonous that they were almost afraid to ask what the news was. Finally one of them mustered courage enough to whisper "read it." And the clerk read it as follows:

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 9, 1888.

To Phil Thompson: Am elected without opposition.

C. Breckinridge.

The eloquent salutation that followed was broken by a disgusted and profane Kentuckyman who exclaimed: "If I—yes. Of course he's elected without opposition. Always is. But if a male were to be put up against him I'd hate to lay even money against the male."

General Henderson, of Iowa, was talking the other day of the little attention paid by men during the war to their wounds and he related this incident: "At Corinth I was a lieutenant in the 12th Iowa. There was a man in my company whose gun had got clogged in some way or other and refused to work, and that fact utterly deprived this fellow of his nerve. I suppose he thought that if he had to face the enemy with a weapon worse than nothing he was a 'goner' sure. I saw what was the matter and so I said to him at such times:

"You infernal fool why don't you pick the tube out with a pin like I used to when hunting prairie chickens?"

"The words prairie chickens had a familiar sound and he accepted my advice and was soon all right again. A little later that man was badly wounded in the thigh but he dragged himself behind a tree and didn't give up until he had fired his last cartridge. 'I saw another instance of what excitement will do for wounded men. At Donelson I was wounded in the neck and was in the hospital with a good many other men suffering from bad wounds. The next day after the battle we heard the sounds of cheering and were told that a flag of truce had been sent out. We knew what that meant. Now an hour before we heard that news we were all so badly wounded that we couldn't do the slightest thing without assistance, but when we knew that our army had won a great victory we forgot wounds and everything else and cheered and shouted like healthy men. The effect of that ebullition of enthusiasm was to reopen many a wound and in several cases cause relapses, but that was something we didn't consider or didn't care for."

Representative Laird, of Nebraska, was in the group. "Dear," he said, "is a peculiar thing. I came to appreciate the horrors of war in a curious sort of way. After the battle of Hanover Court House, Virginia, on the 25th of May, 1862, I saw the dead piled up on the field. They frightfully distorted faces, their spilling wounds, from which the blood still trickled in some cases, the shattered limbs and the general air of carnage was horrible to one not used to such scenes, as I was not at that time, and made a great and lasting impression on me."

"A few days later while watching some men drilling I fell asleep under a pine tree. And as I slept the horrors of what I had seen of the field rose before me, only more awful, if such a thing is possible. The agony on the contorted faces was so terrible that I could appreciate how those men had suffered, and all the hideousness of battle was brought so vividly before me that it was more horrible than even the real thing. While gazing on this picture in my dream I had this proposition presented to me, and it was put as plainly as if I had indulged in an argument. Something said to me: 'You have seen what war means. Will you take the chances and perhaps end as these men have, or will you try and save yourself by playing the part of a coward?' That was the condition that confronted me, and I realize just exactly what it meant. I made up my mind to take my chances, and I believe I can fairly say without vanity that after that dream I had very little fear of the consequences."

"The Physical Wreck" has had its portrait lithographed and printed by a Baltimore firm. The pic-

ture is placed upon the market at a price which the publishers say "will put it within the reach of all," to wit, \$1 and \$2—being the price asked for "artists' proofs." Understanding that the most alluring offers set forth in beautiful and touching language by the publishers in a circular, which is accompanied by a letter from the "Physical Wreck" itself endorsing the venture, the public refuses to part with any cash or to "reach" for the picture at any price. The assurance of the publishers that the portrait "will grace any parlor" seems actually to have been received by the public with distrust. It must be confessed that some people have a perverted taste and that there are persons in this world who don't care to have any kind of Wreck, Physical or otherwise, lying around loose in their parlors.

They know not, of course, the opportunity they are missing. It is not so much as an article of blunderbuss—a sort of peach-blow memento of the present Administration—that I recommend the purchase of this portrait, but as a solid and safe investment. Was it not at a recent sale in London of a print representing a beggar—not on horseback either—the enormous sum of \$425 was realized? And the plate was not larger than six inches by eight. Now, if a beggar fetches over \$2,000, what must not be the value, say fifty years from now, of a portrait of "The Physical Wreck" spread over six square inches of paper; for the publishers assure us that the plate measures 22 1/2 inches by 17 1/2 inches. Any intending purchaser need have no fear of the print not becoming rare very soon. The very fact that a misguided public refuses to buy the portrait at any price, just now, makes the probability that the copies on hand must shortly be returned to the paper mill to reduce the financial loss incurred in the venture almost an absolute certainty. Imagine the feelings with which your son or grandson, a lover of the curious in art and history like yourself, will pick up in a print shop, fifty years hence, a stray portrait of "The Physical Wreck" and see it carefully labelled:

"Very rare and fine impression—few copies only known to exist. Mutilated print of plate in — Library. Price \$500—cheap."

And then imagine your son or grandson saying: "Great Scott, this could have been bought for \$1 by my father; why didn't he do it, why didn't he buy a dozen of them at the time?" They will be vain regrets then; they will be of no avail.

But quite aside from the question of rarity, is not the portrait of a "Physical Wreck," "incapable of any effort" and all that sort of thing—managing to draw the highest pension given by the Government because of its being a physical wreck, and drawing \$5,000 in addition because of its not being a physical wreck—is not this worth buying and preserving as a great curiosity, on its own merits, as it were. Let investors take the hint in time!

Did not the publishers of the Black portrait assure me that it was that of an "illustrious War Hero and the present honored United States Commissioner of Pensions," and further, that it was a "magnificent crayon portrait" I shouldn't have believed it. I never saw a "Wreck" look so fat, so sleek, so glossy, so absolutely self-complacent. Not until I gazed upon the portrait could I understand the unexplained sagacity with which the official has fallen upon the pensions of Union veterans in the Pension Office. I cannot doubt any longer the physical vigor of the "Physical Wreck." That the portrait is an excellent one I am assured by the "Wreck" itself. It says in a letter asking the public to buy the picture:

"My friends with whose judgment I am entirely satisfied declare the picture to be a good one—an excellent one—an accurate likeness, and artistically produced."

One thing, however, in all this business must deeply grieve "the Refuser" in the White House. It can only be excused on the ground of absolute poverty and want—\$42,200 a year, together with mother-in-law's \$1,400 and brother-in-law's \$1,200 or thereabouts, isn't much to keep a "Wreck" in repair—and upon no other ground. It must be remembered, however, that the "Physical Wreck" lost a great deal in this portrait venture—a great deal—some say a whole year's salary. Be this as it may, he has at least bravely worked to recoup his losses. Publishers have been authorized to send a blank order for the portrait to every clerk in the Pension Bureau. It is accompanied by Black's letter signed in facsimile. The effect of this cannot be doubted. It must be like the announcement that an office for the receipt of "voluntary" contributions from Government employees has been established "across the way." Or, perhaps, like that gun fired on the morning of election day in Mississippi to let the negroes know there is to be a free election this time. Oh, it's

funny, to be sure; very funny for a "Wreck," but we do to the poor clerks who have to step up to the Captain's office and settle up an ingenious method of co-operating with the publisher in securing compulsory subscriptions it is without a rival.

Senator Stewart was warmly congratulated the other day on the passage of the Chinese Exclusion bill, and was asked what he thought of its chances in the hands of the President.

"We had in the old times," said the Senator from Nevada, with a reminiscent air, "out in California a man named Hank Endicott. He was from Missouri—a tall, broad-shouldered, fine looking fellow, and a well educated man. But he would drink, and he finally got to having the delirium tremens pretty often. He was a Justice of the Peace and he was District Attorney. One day Hank came into my office and said:

"'Hill, I've got it!'
"'Got what?'"
"'Hill, I've got it!'
"'Well, where did it come from?'"
"'Hill, I've got it!'
"'Cut it short, and tell me what you have got!'
"'I've got what they call the Free Agency!'
"'How did you get it, Hank? And what is it like?'"
"'I don't know that I can explain it, but I can illustrate it. You take a fellow out into the clearing and splice his ear to a stump—and he can jump or not, just as he blank, blank places!'"

CHEAP GOODS.

WHAT A WOOL MANUFACTURER SAYS.

HE SHOWS HOW THE MILLS BILL WOULD FORCE HIM TO REDUCE WAGES AND AFFORDS ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S FOLLY.

One would have thought after the innumerable cases that were cited in convincing disproof of the assertion, made with such an air of wisdom by the President in his noted Free Trade Message, to the effect that the tendency of a tariff to a consumer of a domestic manufacture was enhanced by the amount of the duty upon the foreign manufacture of the same kind and class, that he would have avoided the repetition of so preposterous a blunder in his letter of acceptance. The clause in his Message wherein he alleged this to be the fact excited enough derision and brought out enough contrary testimony to have corrected his erring notions. That the tendency of the tariff is to raise the price of domestic manufactures is, of course, true. Therein lies the protection. But to assert that the increase is measured by the amount of the tariff takes no account of competition, nor of any of the forces which impel merchants to lower prices. I chanced to meet a man the other day who is at the head of one of the largest cotton and woolen spinning properties in America. He paid out five millions in wages last year—just reflect on that! a moment—five millions. Think of how many house rents, how many sales of clothes, how many pairs of shoes, how many days' table supply can be counted in that five millions! Think of the city full of poor people to whom that man's annual distribution of five millions means everything. As an illustration of what it means, a foreman, in this same manufacturer's employment, told me once about his daughter who had just died: "She was a fine girl, sir," he said, "and knew enough to make the most of her opportunities, and I reared her, sir, to tender till she could die on the penny, sir, and then she had to go and die!" Wasn't that pitiful!

I don't mention it, though, as bearing on the solemn miracle of life, but as showing what that workman's American wages meant to him. "Till she could play on the penny," sir. The tone of pride in which he said those words was something to hear.

I asked my manufacturing friend how he was voting this year. "I shall vote for Harrison, of course," he replied.

"Why, how is that? Don't you want free wool?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said, "speaking selfishly, I should like to have free wool. But try to be a fair-minded man, and I don't think it fair to ask for protection myself without being willing to grant protection to my friend, the farmer, who grows the raw wool. His sheep should be protected as well as my looms. I want the tariff revised, too. In its present shape it is a thing of shreds and patches. But the Mills bill is bad. The Democratic idea on which it is founded is bad. If the Mills bill passes, one of two courses would be open to me. I should have to stop making fine goods altogether, or I should be compelled to cut down wages materially. I'll show you how that is. When we began manufacturing in this country we made only

coarse fabrics. They were chiefly in demand. We did not care for a high tariff on fine goods, because we were not making them. We were given what we needed. But things have changed. The country has grown richer, and every year has largely increased the demand for finer fabrics. The present tariff is higher on coarse goods than we require, but on fine goods it is only sufficient to enable us to compete with foreign manufacturers. The essential difference is the cost of the two grades is in labor. An operator on coarse goods can take care of four looms and turn out five pieces of goods. He has all he can do to care for two looms making fine goods, and he can turn out only two pieces a week. Now, take these figures. The net cost to me of fifty-one square yards of fine goods is \$11.75, of which \$6.50 is labor. The Mills bill gives us free wool. That decreases my expense 12 1/2 per cent, so that I could make that piece of goods for \$10.27, and keep on paying my present wages. But the foreign manufacturer, who pays much less for labor than I, can make that same piece of goods for \$8.50. Under the present tariff, however, it costs the importer \$2.50 to get that piece into the market, so that his total expense is \$11.25, and I have 85 cents advantage over him. That's much, if I have loss, I must be down wages. Under the Mills bill his total duty is only \$2.35, which reduces the importer's cost to \$10.01, so that even with free wool, he has 27 cents advantage of me. In percentages this change means a great deal. It means to the importer an increased purchasing power of 25 per cent. It means to me and my men a decreased protection of 12 1/2 per cent. If I continue to make those goods I must do it at a loss or else I must reduce wages."

Then I asked him if the people who bought his goods paid him the foreign price plus the amount of the duty, which Mr. Cleveland says is the effect of the tariff.

"What nonsense!" he replied. "Take a piece of cheap goods that costs 6 1/2 cents in England. The tariff on it is 5 cents. The same class of domestic goods sells for 11 1/2 cents. Take a finer grade of goods, say 11 cents in England. The tariff on that is 11 cents in England. We sell it for 17 1/2 cents. The difference here is greater than in the case of coarse goods, and the loss is much greater. But in both cases the absurdity of Cleveland's statement is proved."

THE MARTYRS OF MEXICO.

Professor Blake in "The Quiver."

The last of the great persecutions occurred in 1557; the occasion of the persecution was the discovery of the Queen and the birth of the punishment had been decreed by the Christians. The old forms of capital punishment were judged too mild, and new agencies had to be devised. The new device was that the accused should be bound, not to death; after they had been unused for several miles to carry food to a starving company, and then the accused were to be thrown into the place of execution; and even when broken by the stones they sang hymns—as some once expressed it, "they died singing hymns to the glory of God."

It is touching to read of incidents almost identical with those which happened amid the persecutions of the Scotch Covenanters, or the Huguenots of the 17th century. There, in a lonely place among the mountains, is a sentinel keeping watch over soldiers who come and fall upon the conventicles assembled secretly among the hills. Yonder is one of the caves in which the persecuted found refuge, preferring to starve rather than submit to the cruel punishments of the persecutors. And the new device was not more successful than the old one; the persecuted were not more successful than the old ones in their hiding places. The persecutors proceeded to the place of execution; and even when broken by the stones they sang hymns—as some once expressed it, "they died singing hymns to the glory of God."

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